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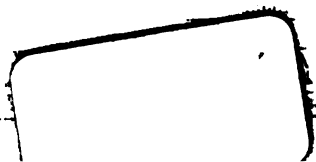
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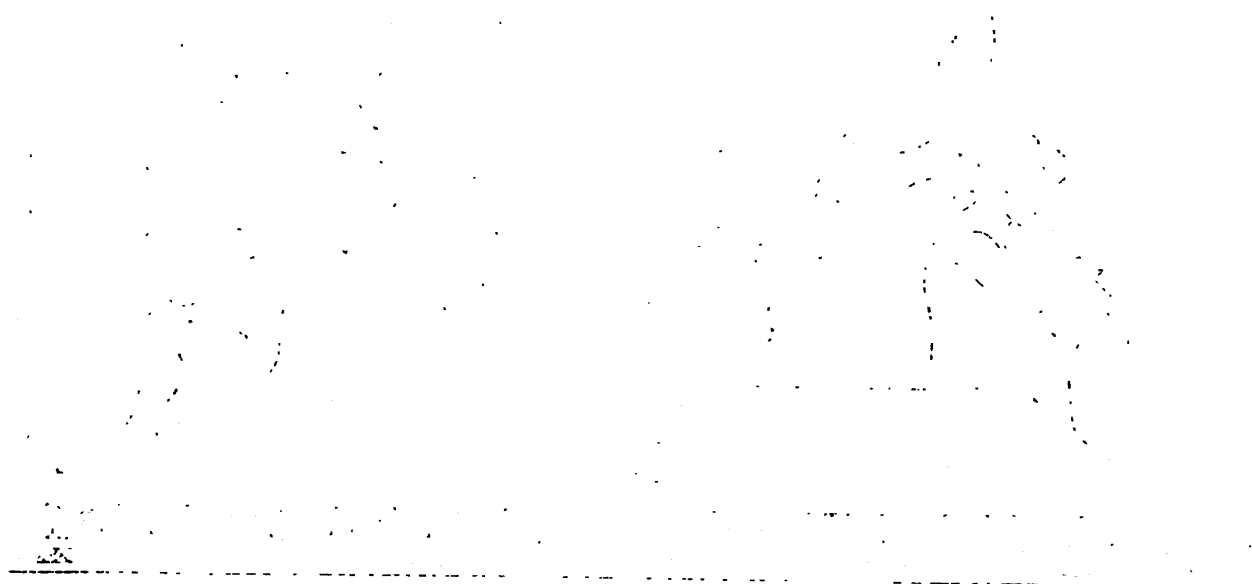
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*Bachelor Belles*  
*Harrison Fisher*

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*Bachelor  
Belles*









# *Bachelor Belles*

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### **NOTE**

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## THE MESSAGE



YE little birds that sit and sing  
Amidst the shady valleys,  
And see how Phillis sweetly walks  
Within her garden alleys;  
Go, pretty birds, about her bower  
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower.  
Ah me! Methinks I see her frown!  
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go tell her through your chirping  
bills,  
As you by me are bidden,  
To her is only known my love,  
Which from the world is hidden.

Go, pretty birds, and tell her so,  
See that your notes strain not too  
low;  
For still methinks I see her frown!  
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go tune your voices' harmony  
And sing, I am her lover;  
Strain loud and sweet, that every  
note  
With sweet content may move her;  
And she that hath the sweetest voice  
Tell her I will not change my choice.  
Yet still methinks I see her frown!  
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh fly! make haste! see, see, she  
falls

Into a pretty slumber!

Sing round about her rosy bed

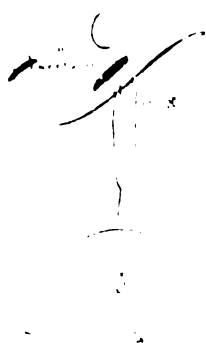
That waking she may wonder.

Say to her 'tis her lover true

That sendeth love to you, to you!

And when you hear her kind reply,

Return with pleasant warblings.



— — — — —

## LOVES SHE LIKE ME?

OH say, my fluttering heart,  
Loves she like me?  
Is hers its counterpart,  
Throbs it like thee?  
Does she remember yet  
The spot where first we met,  
Which I shall ne'er forget?  
Loves she like me?

Soft echoes still repeat,  
"Loves she like me?"  
When on that mossy seat,  
Beneath the tree,  
I wake my amorous lay,  
While lambkins round me play,  
And whispering zephyrs say,  
"Loves she like me?"

On her I think by day,  
Loves she like me?  
With her in dreams I stray  
O'er mead and lea.  
My hopes of earthly bliss  
Are all comprised in this,  
To share her nuptial kiss—  
Loves she like me?

Does absence give her pain?  
Loves she like me?  
And does she thus arraign  
Fortune's decree?  
Does she my name repeat?  
Will she with rapture greet  
The hour that sees us meet?  
Loves she like me?

---

**LOVE  
DISPOSED OF**



HERE goes Love! Now cut him  
clear,  
A weight about his neck.  
If he linger longer here,  
Our ship will be a wreck.  
Overboard! Overboard!  
Down let him go!  
In the deep he may sleep  
Where the corals grow.

He said he'd woo the gentle breeze,  
A bright tear in her eye;  
But she was false or hard to please,  
Or he has told a lie.  
Overboard! Overboard!  
Down in the sea  
He may find a truer mind,  
Where the mermaids be.

He sang us many a merry song  
While the breeze was kind;  
But he has been lamenting long  
The falseness of the wind.  
Overboard! Overboard!  
Under the wave  
Let him sing where smooth shells ring  
In the ocean's cave.

He may struggle, he may weep,  
We'll be stern and cold;  
His grief will find, within the deep,  
More tears than can be told.  
He has gone overboard!  
We will float on;  
We shall find a truer wind  
Now that he is gone.

## AN INVITATION

TELL me, pretty one, where will you  
sail?

How shall our bark be steered, I pray?  
Breezes flutter each silken veil,  
Tell me where will you go to-day?

My vessel's helm is of ivory white,  
Her bulwarks glisten with jewels bright  
And red gold;

The sails are made of the wings of a dove,  
And the man at the wheel is the god of  
love,

Blithe and bold.

Where shall we sail? 'Mid the Baltic's  
foam?

Or over the broad Pacific roam?

Don't refuse!





Say, shall we gather the sweet snow-  
flowers,  
Or wander in rose-strewn Eastern  
bowers?  
Only choose.

“Oh, carry me then,” cried the fair  
coquette,  
“To the land where I’ve never journeyed  
yet,  
To that shore  
Where love is lasting and change  
unknown,  
And a man is faithful to one alone  
Evermore.”

Go, seek that land for a year and a day,  
At the end of the time you'll be still far  
away,

Pretty maid.

'Tis a country unlettered in map or in  
chart,

'Tis a country that does not exist, sweet-  
heart,

I'm afraid!

## MY AMAZON



MY Love is a lady fair and free,  
A lady fair from over the sea,  
And she hath eyes that pierce my  
    breast  
And rob my spirit of peace and rest.

A youthful warrior, warm and  
    young,  
She takes me prisoner with her  
    tongue;  
Aye! and she keeps me—on  
    parole—  
Till paid the ransom of my soul.

I swear the foeman, armed for war  
From cap-à-pie, with many a scar,  
More mercy finds for prostrate foe  
Than she who deals me never a  
    blow.

And so 'twill be, this many a day;  
She comes to wound, if not to slay.  
But in my dreams—in honeyed  
    sleep—  
'Tis I to smile and she to weep.

## DISDAIN

AT her fair hands how have I grace  
entreated

With prayers oft repeated!  
Yet still my love is thwarted:  
Heart, let her go, for she'll not be  
converted.

Say, shall she go?

Oh no, no, no, no, no!

She is most fair, though she be  
marble hearted.

How often have my sighs declared  
my anguish,

Wherein I daily languish!  
Yet still she doth procure it.  
Heart, let her go, for I cannot  
endure it.





Say, shall she go?  
Oh no, no, no, no, no!  
She gave the wound, and she alone  
must cure it.

But shall I still a true affection owe  
her,  
Which prayers, sighs, tears shall  
show her,  
And shall she still disdain me?  
Heart, let her go, if they no grace  
can gain me.

Say, shall she go?  
Oh no, no, no, no, no!  
She made me hers and hers she will  
retain me.

But if the love that hath and still  
doth burn me  
No love at length return me,  
Out of my thoughts I'll set her.  
Heart, let her go, O heart I pray thee  
let her!

Say, shall she go?

Oh no, no, no, no, no!

Fixed in the heart, how can the  
heart forget her?

**DA CAPO**



SHORT and sweet, and we've come  
to the end of it—

Our poor little love lying cold.

Shall no sonnet, then, ever be penned  
of it?

Nor the joys and the pains of it told?

How fair was its face in the morning,  
How close its caresses at noon,  
How its evening grew chill without  
warning

Unpleasantly soon!

I can't say just how we began it—

In a blush, or a smile, or a sigh;

Fate took but a moment to plan it;

It needs but a moment to die.

Yet remember that first conversation,  
When the flowers you had dropped  
at your feet  
I restored. The familiar quotation  
Was "Sweets to the sweet."

Oh, then delicate perfume has  
haunted  
My senses a whole season through;  
If there was one soft charm that you  
wanted  
The violets lent it to you.

I whispered you life was but lonely—  
A cue which you graciously took;  
And your eyes learned a look for  
me only—  
A very nice look.

And sometimes your hand would  
    touch my hand,  
With a sweetly particular touch;  
You said many things in a sigh, and  
Made a look express wondrously  
    much.

We smiled for the mere sake of  
    smiling,  
And laughed for no reason but fun;  
Irrational joys, but beguiling—  
And all that is done!

We were idle, and played for a  
    moment  
At a game that now neither will  
    press;





I cared not to find out what "No"  
    meant;  
Nor your lips to grow yielding with  
    "Yes."

Love is done with and dead; if  
    there lingers  
A faint and indefinite ghost,  
It is laid with this kiss on your  
    fingers—  
A jest at the most.

'Tis a commonplace, stale situation,  
Now the curtain comes down from  
    above  
On the end of our little flirtation—  
A travesty romance for Love,

If he climbed in disguise to your  
lattice,  
Fell dead of the first kisses' pain:  
But one thing is left us now—  
that is,  
Begin it again.

**A  
CERTAIN YOUNG  
LADY**



THERE'S a certain young lady,  
Who's just in her heyday,  
And full of all mischief, I ween.  
So teasing! so pleasing!  
Capricious! delicious!  
And you know very well whom  
I mean.

With an eye dark as night,  
Yet than noonday more bright,  
Was ever a black eye so keen?  
It can thrill with a glance,  
With a beam can entrance,  
And you know very well whom  
I mean.

With a stately step—such as  
You 'd expect in a duchess—  
And a brow might distinguish a queen,  
With a mighty proud air,  
That says “touch me who dare,”  
And you know very well whom  
I mean.

With a toss of the head  
That strikes one quite dead,  
But a smile to revive one again;  
That toss so appalling!  
That smile so enthralling!  
And you know very well whom  
I mean.

Confound her! devil take her!  
A cruel heart-breaker —  
But hold! see that smile so serene.  
God love her! God bless her!  
May nothing distress her!  
You know very well whom  
I mean.

Heaven help the adorer  
Who happens to bore her,  
The lover who awakens her spleen;  
But too blest for a sinner  
Is he who shall win her,  
And you know very well whom  
I mean.





## THE GOLDEN FISH

LOVE is a little golden fish,  
Wondrous shy—ah, wondrous shy!  
You may catch him if you wish;  
He might make a dainty dish.  
But I—  
Ah, I've other fish to fry.

For when I try to snare this prize  
Earnestly and patiently,  
All my skill the rogue defies  
Lurking safe in Aimée's eyes.  
Lo, you see,  
I am caught, and Love goes free.

---

## WHY, LOVELY CHARMER

WHY, lovely charmer, tell me why  
So very kind, and yet so shy?  
Why does that cold, forbidding air  
Give damps of sorrow and despair,  
Or why that smile my soul subdue  
And kindle up my flames anew?

In vain you strive with all your art  
By turns to fire and freeze my heart,  
When I behold a face so fair,  
So sweet a look, so soft an air,  
My ravished soul is charmed all o'er,  
I cannot love thee less or more.

**AVICE**



THOUGH the voice of modern  
schools  
Has demurred,  
By the dreamy Asian creed  
'Tis averred,  
That the souls of men, released  
From their bodies when deceased,  
Sometimes enter in a beast—  
Or a bird.

I have watched you long, Avice—  
Watched you so,  
I have found your secret out;  
And I know  
That the restless ribboned things,  
Where your slope of shoulder springs,  
Are but undeveloped wings,  
That will grow.

When you enter in a room,  
It is stirred  
With the wayward, flashing flight  
Of a bird;  
And you speak—and bring with  
you—  
Leaf and sun-ray, bud and blue,  
And the wind-breath and the dew,  
At a word.

When you called to me my name,  
Then again  
When I heard your single cry  
In the lane,  
All the sound was as the “sweet”  
Which the birds to birds repeat  
In their thank-song to the heat  
After rain.

You have just their eager, quick  
Airs de tête,  
All their flush and fever heat  
When elate;  
Every bird-like nod and beck,  
And a bird's own curve of neck  
When she gives a little peck  
To her mate.

When you left me, only now,  
In that furred,  
Puffed, and feathered Polish dress,  
I was spurred  
Just to catch you, O my sweet,  
By the bodice trim and neat—  
Just to feel your heart a-beat  
Like a bird.





Yet alas! Love's light you deign  
But to wear  
As the dew upon your plumes,  
And you care  
Not a whit for rest or bush;  
But the leaves, the lyric gush,  
And the wing-power, and the rush  
Of the air.

So I dare not woo you, sweet,  
For a day,  
Lest I lose you in a flash,  
As I may;  
Did I tell you tender things  
You would shake your sudden  
wings —  
You would start from him who sings,  
And away.



# YOUTH



**WHEN** spring comes laughing  
By vale and hill,  
By wind-flower walking  
And daffodil,—  
Sing stars of morning,  
Sing morning skies,  
Sing blue of speedwell,—  
And my Love's eyes.

When comes the summer  
Full-leaved and strong,  
And gay birds gossip  
The orchard long,—  
Sing hid, sweet honey  
That no bee sips;  
Sing red, red roses,—  
And my Love's lips.





When autumn scatters  
The leaves again,  
And piled sheaves bury  
The broad-wheeled wain,—  
Sing flutes of harvest  
Where men rejoice;  
Sing rounds of reapers,—  
And my Love's voice.

But when comes winter  
With hail and storm,  
And red fire roaring  
And ingle warm,—  
Sing first sad going  
Of friends that part;  
Then sing glad meeting,—  
And my Love's heart.

## SONG

DOST thou idly ask to hear  
At what gentle seasons  
Nymphs relent, when lovers near  
Press the tenderest reasons?  
Ah, they give their faith too oft  
To the careless wooer;  
Maidens' hearts are always soft—  
Would that men's were truer!

Woo the fair one when around  
Early birds are singing;  
When o'er all the fragrant ground,  
Early herbs are springing;  
When the brookside, bank, and  
    grove,  
All with blossoms laden,  
Shine with beauty, breathe of love,  
Woo the timid maiden.

Woo her when, with rosy blush,  
Summer eve is sinking;  
When on rills that softly gush,  
Stars are softly winking;  
When, through boughs that knit the  
    bower,  
Moonlight gleams are stealing;  
Woo her till the gentle hour  
Wakes a gentler feeling.

Woo her when autumnal dyes  
Tinge the woody mountain;  
When the dropping foliage lies  
In the weedy fountain;  
Let the scene that tells how fast  
Youth is passing over,  
Warn her, ere her bloom is past,  
To secure her lover.

Woo her when the north winds call  
At the lattice nightly;  
When within the cheerful hall  
Blaze the fagots brightly;  
While the wintry tempest round  
Sweeps the landscape hoary,  
Sweeter in her ears shall sound  
Love's delightful story.

# **SUNLIGHT**



O heart full of song in the sweet  
song-weather,  
A voice fills each bower, a wing  
shakes each tree,  
Come forth, O winged singer, on  
song's fairest feather,  
And make a sweet fame of my love  
and of me.

Songs shall not cease of the hills  
and the heather;  
Songs shall not fail of the land and  
the sea:  
But, O heart, if you sing not while  
we are together,  
What man shall remember my love  
or me?

Some million of summers hath been  
and not known her,  
Hath known and forgotten loves less  
fair than she;  
But one summer knew her, and grew  
glad to own her,  
And made her its flower, and gave  
her to me.

And she and I loving, on earth seem  
to sever  
Some part of the great blue from  
heaven each day:  
I know that the heaven and the earth  
are forever,  
But that which we take shall with us  
pass away.

And that which she gives me shall  
be for no lover  
In any new love-time, the world's  
lasting while;  
The world, when it loses, shall never  
recover  
The gold of her hair nor the sun of  
her smile.

And she and I loving, are king of  
one summer  
And queen of one summer to gather  
and glean:  
The world is for us what no fair  
future comer  
Shall find it or dream it could ever  
have been.





Then, fall on us, dead leaves of our  
    dear roses,  
And ruins of summer fall on us ere-  
    long,  
And hide us away where our dead  
    year reposes;  
Let all that we leave in the world  
    be — a song.

And, O song that I sing now while  
    we are together,  
Go, sing to some new year of women  
    and men,  
How I and she loved in the long  
    loving weather,  
And ask if they love on as we two  
    loved then.



**A W O M A N ' S  
SHORTCOMINGS**



SHE has laughed as softly as if she  
sighed,

She has counted six and over,  
Of a purse well filled, and a heart  
well tried—

Oh, each a worthy lover!

They “give her time” for her soul  
must slip

Where the world has set the  
grooving:

She will lie to none with her fair,  
red lip,

But love seeks truer loving.

She trembles her fan in a sweetness  
dumb,  
As her thoughts were beyond  
recalling;  
With a glance for one, and a glance  
for some  
From her eyelids rising and falling;  
Speaks common words with a blushful  
air,  
Hears bold words unrepining:  
But her silence says—what she never  
will swear,  
And love seeks better loving.

Go, lady! lean to the night guitar  
And drop a smile on the bringer,  
Then smile as sweetly when he is  
far,

At the voice of an indoor singer!  
Bask tenderly beneath tender eyes;  
Glance lightly on their removing,  
And join new vows to old  
perjuries —  
But dare not call it loving!





Unless you can think, when the song  
    is done,  
No other is soft in the rhythm;  
Unless you can feel when left by  
    One  
That all men else go with him;  
Unless you can feel when unpraised  
    by his breath,  
That your beauty itself wants proving,  
Unless you can swear "For life, for  
    death!"  
Oh, fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all  
day  
On the absent face that fixed you;  
Unless you can love, as the angels  
may,  
With the breadth of heaven betwixt  
you;  
Unless you can dream that his faith  
is fast  
Through behooving and unbehooving;  
Unless you can die when the dream  
is past—  
Oh, never call it loving!

**O MISTRESS  
MINE**



O MISTRESS mine, where are you  
roaming?

O, stay and hear; your true love's  
coming,

That can sing both high and low:  
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;  
Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure:  
In delay there lies no plenty;  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

## INFIRM

“I WILL not go,” he said, “for well  
I know her eyes’ insidious spell,  
And how unspeakably he feels  
Who takes no pleasure in his meals.  
I know a one-idea’d man  
Should undergo the social ban,  
And if she once my purpose melts  
I know I’ll think of nothing else.

“I care not though her teeth are pearls—  
The town is full of nicer girls!  
I care not though her lips are red—  
It does not do to lose one’s head!  
I’ll give her leisure to discover,  
For once, how little I think of her;  
And then how will she feel?” cried he—  
And took his hat and went to see.

MY  
SWEETHEART'S  
FAULTS

MY sweetheart has her faults in  
plenty,  
Which I perceive with much  
distress;  
For instance, she is only twenty,  
And one would think her even less;  
While I may mention it between us  
(Excuse the confidence betrayed),  
Her form is plagiarised from Venus,  
And no acknowledgment is made.





Her hair is much too fine and curly;  
Her lips are merely Cupid's bow;  
Her teeth absurdly white and pearly;  
But still we all have faults, you  
    know.

So, spite of this and spite of that,  
Whate'er betide, whate'er befall,  
These things let others cavil at;  
I love my sweetheart, faults and all.

From such defects this little lady  
Of mine is anything but free.  
Her lashes are "extremely shady,"  
Her eyes are "much too deep for  
    me."

Two dimples have been thought  
too many  
For one small maiden to possess.  
Her rivals wish she had n't any;  
But what's a dimple, more or less?

Her voice attracts o'ermuch  
attention  
Because of its melodious ring.  
Her foot—but that I shall not  
mention—  
It's such a very little thing.  
Yes, spite of that and spite of this,  
Whate'er betide, whate'er befall,  
Though others may perfection miss,  
I love my sweetheart, faults and all.

**I WILL NOT  
LET THEE GO**



I WILL not let thee go.  
Ends all our month-long  
love in this?  
Can it be summed up so,  
Quit in a single kiss?  
I will not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.  
If thy words' breath could  
scare thy deeds,  
As the soft south can blow  
And toss the feathered seeds,  
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.  
Had not the great sun seen,  
    I might;  
Or were he reckoned slow  
To bring the false to light,  
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.  
The stars that crowd the  
    summer skies  
Have watched us so below  
With all their million eyes,  
I dare not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.  
Have we not chid the  
    changeable moon,  
Now rising late, and now  
Because she set too soon,  
And shall I let thee go?

I will not let thee go.  
Have not the young flowers  
    been content,  
Plucked ere their buds could blow,  
To seal our sacrament?  
I cannot let thee go.





I will not let thee go.  
I hold thee by too many bands:  
Thou sayest farewell, and lo!  
I have thee by the hands,  
And will not let thee go.



---

**ROSETTE**



YES! I know you're very fair;  
And the rose bloom of your cheek,  
And the gold crown of your hair,  
Seem of tender love to speak.  
But to me they speak in vain,  
I am growing old, my pet—  
Ah, if I could love you now  
As I used to love Rosette!

In your carriage every day  
I can see you bow and smile;  
Lovers your least word obey,  
Mistress you of every wile.  
She was poor, and went on foot,  
Badly drest, you know—and yet—  
Ah, if I could love you now  
As I used to love Rosette!

You are clever, and well known  
For your wit so quick and free;  
Now Rosette, I blush to own,  
Scarcely knew her A. B. C.  
But she had a potent charm  
In my youth—ah, vain regret!  
If I could but love you now  
As I used to love Rosette.

---

## A CONTRADICTION

THEY say she's like an April day,  
All sun and shower, grave and gay,  
Just half in love and half in play,

Like other misses.

Go to! They tell a pack of lies;  
For I have heard her heart-drawn  
sighs,  
And I have seen her inmost eyes,  
And felt her kisses.

They think her laugh is overbold,  
And hint her smiles are bought for  
gold;  
Dull heretics have thought her cold,  
As is the fashion.



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Ah me! when we together stole  
Across the weald to leafy Knole,  
'Twas there she showed to me her  
soul  
And all her passion!

They vow her life is tossed about  
From ball to picnic, play to rout;  
A careless butterfly, no doubt,  
That scandal crushes.  
What could we answer, if 'twere  
said  
That Time and Fate two lovers led  
To lily-streams at Maidenhead,  
Among the rushes?

Her reputation shivered most  
Last night at supper, when our host  
Made her of careless lips the toast  
    And reigning goddess.  
But I, who know my love, dare say  
She thought of home, and tried to  
    pray  
Before her handmaid slipped away  
    Her satin bodice.

Your silly worldlings all forget  
Her depth of hidden life, and bet  
They've never met her equal yet  
    In fact or fiction.  
But I, who love in secret, sit  
Unweaving webs that Fate has knit  
To bind me to so exquisite  
    A contradiction.

**IF YOU WANT  
A KISS  
WHY, TAKE IT**



**THERE'S** a jolly Saxon proverb  
That is pretty much like this—  
That a man is half in heaven  
If he has a woman's kiss.  
There is danger in delaying,  
For the sweetness may forsake it;  
So I tell you, bashful lover,  
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Never let another fellow  
Steal a march on you in this;  
Never let a laughing maiden  
See you spoiling for a kiss.  
There's a royal road to kissing,  
And the jolly ones who make it  
Have a motto that is winning—  
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Any fool can face a cannon,  
Anybody wear a crown,  
But a man must win a woman  
If he'd have her for his own.  
Would you have the golden apple,  
You must find the tree and shake it;  
If the thing is worth the having  
And you want a kiss, why, take it.

Who would burn upon a desert  
With a forest smiling by?  
Who would change his sunny summer  
For a bleak and wintry sky?  
Oh, I tell you there is magic,  
And you cannot, cannot break it;  
For the sweetest part of loving  
Is to want a kiss, and take it.

## THE MISTAKEN MOTH

'Mid the summer flush of roses  
    Red and white,  
Sat a damsel fair, a very  
    Pretty sight;  
Till a butterfly, so smart,  
With a flutter and a dart,  
Kissed her mouth and made her start  
    In a fright.

“Ah, forgive me!” begged the insect,  
    “If you please;  
I assure you that I didn’t  
    Mean to tease.  
I but took your rosebud lip  
For the rose wherein I dip,  
All its honey sweet to sip  
    At mine ease.”



T. Harrison  
1908



Said the beauty to the moth,  
    “You may try  
To excuse your forward conduct,  
    Sir, but I  
Wish it clearly understood  
That such roses are too good  
To be kissed by every rude  
    Butterfly!”

## IN EXPLANATION

HER lips were so near  
That—what else could I do?  
You'll be angry, I fear,  
But her lips were so near—  
Well—I can't make it clear,  
Or explain it to you,  
But—her lips were so near  
That—what else could I do?

**A SWIMMING  
SONG**



**THE** broad green rollers lift and  
glide  
Beneath our hearts as, side by side,  
We breast them blithely, blithely  
swim  
Toward the far horizon's rim.

O far blue heaven above our head,  
O near green sea about us spread,  
What joy so full, since time began,  
Could earth, our mother, give to  
man?

Your bright face through the water  
peers  
And laughs. "What need have men  
for tears?"  
We say. The land is far and dim,  
The world is summer's, and we  
swim.

Out yonder! where our distant  
home  
Beckons us from the crests of foam!  
Out yonder through the roller's  
mirth!  
What part was ever ours with earth?

Your white limbs flash, your red  
lips gleam:  
Love seems life's best and holiest  
dream;  
Nought comes between us here, and I  
Could wish not otherwise to die.

With sea beneath us, heaven above,  
Life holds but laughter, joy, and  
love;  
No trammels bind us now, and we  
Are freer than the birds are free.



\_\_\_\_\_

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Your face seems sweeter here; your  
hair,  
Wet from the sea's salt lips, more  
fair;  
Your limbs that move and gleam and  
shine,  
Hellenic, pagan, half divine.

Ah, sweet! God's gift is good  
enough,  
God's gift of freedom, life, and love—  
Though but for this brief hour are we  
Alone upon the eternal sea.

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the

main results of the paper.

2. The second part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the

main results of the paper.

3. The third part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the

main results of the paper.

4. The fourth part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the

main results of the paper.

**THE WHITE  
FLAG**



I SENT my love two roses—one  
As white as driven snow,  
And one a blushing royal red,  
A flaming Jacqueminot.

I meant to touch and test my fate;  
That night I should divine,  
The moment I should see my love,  
If her true heart were mine.

For if she holds me dear, I said,  
She'll wear my blushing rose;  
If not, she'll wear my cold Lamarque,  
As white as winter's snows.





My heart sank when I met her; sure  
I had been overbold,  
For on her breast my pale rose lay  
In virgin whiteness cold.

Yet with low words she greeted me,  
With smiles divinely tender;  
Upon her cheek the red rose  
dawned—  
The white rose meant surrender.

## IN A ROSE GARDEN

A HUNDRED years from now,  
dear heart,

We will not care at all.

It will not matter then a whit,

The honey or the gall.

The summer days that we have  
known

Will all forgotten be and flown;

The garden will be overgrown

Where now the roses fall.

A hundred years from now, dear  
heart,

We will not mind the pain.

The throbbing crimson tide of life

Will not have left a stain.

The song we sing together, dear,  
The dream we dream together here,  
Will mean no more than means a  
tear  
Amid a summer rain.

A hundred years from now, dear  
heart,  
The grief will all be o'er;  
The sea of care will surge in vain  
Upon a careless shore.  
These glasses we turn down to-day  
Here at the parting of the way:  
We will be wineless then as they,  
And will not mind it more.

A hundred years from now, dear  
heart,  
We'll neither know nor care  
What came of all life's bitterness  
Or followed love's despair.  
Then fill the glasses up again  
And kiss me through the rose-leaf  
rain;  
We'll build one castle more in Spain,  
And dream one more dream there.

**IN THE WOOD**



THROUGH laughing leaves the  
sunlight comes,  
Turning the green to gold;  
The bee about the heather hums,  
And the morning air is cold  
Here on the breezy woodland side,  
Where we two ride.

Through laughing leaves on golden  
hair  
The sunlight glances down,  
And makes a halo round her there,  
And crowns her with a crown  
Queen of the sunrise and the sun,  
As we ride on.

The wanton wind has kissed her  
face,  
His lips have left a rose—  
He found her cheek so sweet a place  
For kisses, I suppose,  
He thought he'd leave a sign, that so  
Others might know.

The path grows narrower as we ride,  
The green boughs close above,  
And overhead, and either side,  
The wild birds sing of Love.  
But ah, she is not listening  
To what they sing,

Till I take up the wild bird's song  
And word by word unfold  
Its meaning as we ride along!  
And when my tale is told,  
I turn my eyes to hers again—  
And then—and then—

The bridle path more narrow grows,  
The leaves shut out the sun;  
Where the wind's lips left their one  
    rose  
My own leave more than one,  
While the leaves murmur up above  
And laugh for love.





This was the place:—you see the  
sky  
Now 'twixt the branches bare;  
About the path the dead leaves lie  
And songless is the air.  
All's changed since then, for that,  
you know,  
Was long ago.

Let us ride on! the wind is cold.  
Let us ride on—ride fast!  
'Tis winter, and we know of old  
That love could never last  
Without the summer and the sun!  
Let us ride on!



IF—



SO you but love me, be it  
your own way,  
In your own time, no sooner  
than you will,  
No warmer than you would  
from day to day,  
But love me still!

Each day that still you love me  
seems to me  
A little fairer than the day  
before;  
For, daily given, love's least  
must daily be  
A little more.

And be my most gain'd your  
least given, if such  
Your sweet will be! I reckon  
not the cost,  
Nor count the gain, by little  
or by much,  
Or least or most.

So you but love me, tho' your  
love be cold,  
Mine it can chill not. Tho' your  
love come late,  
Mine for its coming, by sweet  
dreams foretold,  
Will dreaming wait.

Yet ah, if some fair chance,  
before I die,  
One hour of waking life might  
let me live,  
Rich with the dream'd-of dear  
reality  
'T is yours to give!

Your whole sweet self, with your  
sweet self's whole love!  
Those eyes of fire and dew, those  
lips wish-haunted,  
Those feet whose steps like elfin  
music move  
Thro' worlds enchanted!





Your whole sweet self, that till  
by love reveal'd  
Even to yourself still half unknown  
must be!  
For of the wealth in souls like  
yours conceal'd  
Love keeps the key.

Ah, if your whole sweet self, by  
all the power  
Of your sweet self's whole love  
in some divine  
Far distant hour made wholly yours,  
that hour  
Made wholly mine,

And if in that blest hour all dreams  
came true,  
All doubts dissolved, all fears were  
whirl'd away  
In one wild storm of tendernesses  
new  
As time's first day,

What should we both be? Hush!  
I do not dare  
Even to hear my own heart's  
whisper utter'd.  
Be its sole answerer the silent air  
This sigh has flutter'd!

**WHEN I SAW  
YOU LAST  
ROSE**



WHEN I saw you last, Rose,  
You were only so high;  
How fast the time goes!

Like a bud ere it blows,  
You just peeped at the sky,  
When I saw you last, Rose!

Now your petals uncloze,  
Now your May-time is nigh;  
How fast the time goes!

And a life—how it grows!  
You were scarcely so shy,  
When I saw you last, Rose!

In your bosom it shows  
There's a guest on the sly;  
How fast the time goes!

Is it Cupid? Who knows!  
Yet you used not to sigh,  
When I saw you last, Rose;  
How fast the time goes!

## INDECISION

Do I love her?

    Dimpling red lips at me pouting,  
    Dimpling shoulders at me  
        flouting;

No, I don't!

Do I love her?

    'Prisoned in those crystal eyes  
    Purity forever lies;

Yes, I do!

Do I love her?

    Little, wild and wilful fiction,  
    Teasing, torturing contradiction;

No, I don't!



1928



Do I love her?

With kind acts and sweet words  
she

Aids and comforts poverty;

Yes, I do!

Do I love her?

Quick she puts her cuirass on,  
Stabs with laughter, stings with  
scorn;

No, I don't!

Do I love her?

No! Then to my arms she flies,  
Filling me with glad surprise;

Ah, yes I do!



## A HEALTH



I FILL this cup to one made up  
Of loveliness alone,  
A woman, of her gentle sex  
The seeming paragon;  
To whom the better elements  
And kindly stars have given  
A form so fair, that, like the air,  
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,  
Like those of morning birds,  
And something more than melody  
Dwells ever in her words;  
The coinage of her heart are they,  
And from her lips each flows,  
As one may see the burdened bee  
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,  
The measures of her hours;  
Her feelings have the fragrancy,  
The freshness of young flowers;  
And lovely passions, changing oft,  
So fill her, she appears  
The image of themselves by turns—  
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will  
trace  
A picture on the brain,  
And of her voice in echoing hearts  
A sound must long remain;  
But memory, such as mine of her,  
So very much endears,  
When death is nigh my latest sigh  
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up  
Of loveliness alone,  
A woman, of her gentle sex  
The seeming paragon.  
Her health! and would on earth  
there stood  
Some more of such a frame,  
That life might be all poetry,  
And weariness a name.



*Handwritten signature and date*  
1902



## A SONG

I WILL not say my true love's eyes  
Outshine the noblest star;  
But in their depth of lustre lies  
My peace, my truce, my war.

I will not say upon her neck  
Is white to shame the snow;  
For if her bosom hath a speck  
I would not have it go.

My love is as a woman sweet,  
And as a woman white;  
Who's more than this is more than  
meet  
For me and my delight.



**WHEN I LOVED  
YOU**



WHEN I loved you, I can't but  
allow

I had many an exquisite minute;  
But the scorn that I feel for you now  
Hath even more luxury in it!

Thus, whether we're on or we're  
off,

Some witchery seems to await you;  
To love you is pleasant enough,  
And oh, 'tis delicious to hate you!

## TO CELIA

(Who refuses to be drawn into an argument)

DEAR, if you carelessly agree,  
With that so irritating air,  
To every word that falls from me;  
Dear, if you care

To drive a lover to despair  
With bland "Oh, yes" and "Ah,  
I see"—  
Why, do it, if you like—so there!

It vindicates my theory  
No woman's wise as well as fair;  
And yet—how clever you can be,  
Dear, if you care!

## THE QUARREL

ALAS, how slight a cause may  
move  
Dissension between hearts that love;  
Hearts that the world in vain had  
tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied.

That stood the storm when waves  
were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fell off;  
Like ships that have gone down at  
sea  
When heaven was all tranquillity.





A something light as air, a look,  
A word unkind, or wrongly taken,  
Oh! love that tempests never shook,  
A breath or touch like this hath  
shaken.

And ruder words will soon rush in  
To spread the breach that words  
begin,  
And eyes forget the gentle ray  
They wore in courtship's sunny day,

And voices lose the tone that shed  
A tenderness round all they said;  
Till fast declining, one by one  
The sweetnesss of love are gone.

And hearts so lately mingled seem  
Like broken clouds, or like the  
stream  
That smiling left the mountain's  
brow  
As though its waters ne'er would  
sever,  
Yet ere it reached the plain below  
Breaks into floods that part forever.

**LITTLE  
GIRLY-GIRL**



LITTLE Girly-girl, of you  
Still forever I am dreaming.  
Laughing eyes of limpid blue,  
Tresses glimmering and gleaming  
Like glad waters running over  
Shelving shadows rimmed with  
    clover,  
Trembling where the eddies whirl,  
Gurgling, "Little Girly-Girl!"

For your name it came to me  
Down the brink of brooks that  
    brought it  
Out of Paradise—and we—  
Love and I—we, leaning, caught it

From the ripples romping nigh us,  
And the bubbles bumping by us  
Over shoals of pebbled pearl,  
Lilting, "Little Girly-Girl!"

That was long and long ago,  
But, in memory, the tender  
Winds of summer weather blow  
And the roses burst in splendour;  
And the meadows' grassy billows  
Break in blossoms round the willows,  
Where the currents curve and curl,  
Calling, "Little Girly-Girl."

## MAID MARION

LITTLE Maid Marion, Rose in June,  
What breath of prophecy comes  
    and goes,  
And stirs your heart like a vagrant  
    'tune,  
Till the deepening bloom on your  
    soft cheek glows,

And your blue eyes shine like the  
    morning sky  
Just alight with the morning star—  
Hopeful and happy, sweet and shy,  
While day and its glare are yet  
    afar?





Have you heard a name that we do  
not hear.

And set it to music all your own?

Has there come to you in a vision,  
dear,

A face that only your eyes have  
known?

Or is it still but a wandering voice

That whispers you something vague  
and sweet,

Of days of wooing and days of  
choice

And hearts that meet as the waters  
meet?

Days that will come to you, Rose  
in June,  
Days that will test you and try you  
and show  
The sacredest meaning, the secretest  
tune  
Of all that your maidenly heart can  
know.

They will leave you not as they find  
you, dear—  
The morning star gives place to the  
sun;  
But your blue eyes meet me, faithful  
and clear,  
I can trust your soul when the dream  
is done.



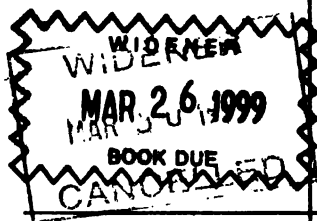




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